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VOL. 43—No. 5.

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M R. LEONARD WALKER will Sing "I'M A ROAMER," and "IN SHELTERED VALE," &c. at Woolwich, 10th of February. For terms for Concerts, Soirees, Teaching, &c., apply at his residence, 18, High Street, Cavendish Square. N.B.—References permitted to pupils.

M R. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Thornhill, 6th; Dumfries, 7th; Kirkcudbright, 8th; Newton Stewart, 9th; Wigtown, 10th; Stranraer, 13th; and Castle Douglas, 14th.

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FURIOSO.*

From the "Saturday Review."

Any new and well-authenticated facts relating to the youth of Beethoven would appeal to the public in England quite as curiously interested, if not quite as numerous, as in Germany. The scanty information comprised in Schindler's *Biography*—a work possessing at least the merit of trustworthiness, to say nothing of its Boswellian minuteness—is nearly all that English Beethovenists unfamiliar with the German language have to consult. And even our translation was made from the edition published in 1840 (at Münster), now superseded by another, with important emendations and additions. Mr. Moscheles, under whose supervision the English Schindler was ushered through the press, might reasonably have included in his design the *Biographische Notizen* of Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries, and thus in some measure have supplied the most notable deficiency in Schindler's book. Wegeler was the chosen friend of the great musician's early life. Ries—the son of Franz Ries, another constant associate in the happy days at Bonn—was his favourite pupil, years after, at Vienna, when the name of Beethoven had become European. What these two have published, if by no means voluminous, is precious just in the same sense as the *Biography* of Schindler, and may be accepted without suspicion as the result of frequent intercourse, lively sympathy, and intelligent observation. Both might doubtless have written more. Wegeler first knew Beethoven in 1782; and though there was a difference of five years in their ages—Beethoven being twelve, and Wegeler seventeen—they contracted a friendship which was maintained on the closest terms until 1787, when the latter was called to Vienna. The intimacy was subsequently renewed on Wegeler's return, and continued uninterrupted till 1792, when Beethoven himself left Bonn to settle in the Austrian capital. In 1794, however, Wegeler again went to Vienna, where he stayed two years, and scarcely a day passed without the friends meeting. For this we have his own authority:—

"So trafen wir mit den nämlichen ungeschwächten Gefühlen abermals zusammen, und nun verging nur selten ein Tag ohne dass wir uns sahen."

After the expiration of this period, Wegeler (who returned to Bonn in 1796) never saw Beethoven. The memory of their early attachment was, nevertheless, affectionately preserved, and communication by letter was kept up from the time of their separation. Beethoven, absorbed in his art, was but a fitful correspondent, and even allowed years to pass without writing; but to compensate for this irregularity, he would, at the termination of such intervals, address letters to Wegeler, or to his wife—the Eleonora von Breuning mentioned in all the biographies—so eloquent and touching as effectively to disarm reproach. Then there were the letters of Stephan von Breuning, Wegeler's brother-in-law, to fill up the gaps left by Beethoven's occasional reticence. Ries, on the other hand—constantly with Beethoven during the most fertile period of his creative activity (from 1800 to 1805, and again in 1809), when one masterpiece followed another, in astonishing variety, from the oratorio of *Christus am Oelberge* and the great third symphony (*Eroica*) to *Eleonore, oder die eheliche Liebe* (the first version of *Fidelio*), the *Sonata Appassionata* and the fourth pianoforte concerto (in G)—enjoyed so many chances of personal observation, and was so completely in the master's confidence, that we are hardly inclined to consider the desultory string of anecdotes, letters, &c., of which his share of the *Notizen* consists, however interesting in themselves and as *memoranda* invaluable, a satisfactory account of his stewardship. Though he cannot justly be charged with indifference, and made no pretence to literary skill, it must occur, to any one who reflects, that with the opportunities at his disposal a vast deal more might have been recorded of the remarkable man to whom Ries himself, not less than the art which he practised with considerable ambition and success, lay under such deep and lasting obligation. The shortcomings of Wegeler, who for thirty years was no nearer to Beethoven than the Rhine to the Danube, although he too could have exhibited more zeal, may be viewed under different circumstances, and his plea that, "in Beethoven's *Werken lebt seine ganze Seele; er hat seine Freuden und Leiden hineingelegt; sie sind seine eigentliche Biographie*," &c., may be accepted, as well-meaning if not exactly new. This sentence forms part of the *Nachtrag zu den biographischen Notizen*, prepared by Wegeler in anticipation of the fêtes which celebrated the inauguration of Beethoven's statue at Bonn, in August 1845.†

It must have been shortly after the Bonn Festival that Wegeler, in his last illness, confined to Dr. Wolfgang Müller the "Diary," out of which, if we may believe Mr. Oct. Glover—not the English translator,

* *Furioso; or, Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*. From the German. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

† "Und so mische sich in den Festjubel, nicht blos geduldet, sondern auch gern aufgenommen, dieses anspruchlose Wort freundlichen Andenkens."—*Nachtrag*, p. 80.

but the "Editor" of the English translation—the pages of *Furioso* were concocted. In reviewing this romance—for it is nothing else—any allusions to the genuine Beethoven literature would perhaps have been superfluous but for reasons which will presently appear. Some time since a series of papers were contributed to Westermann's *Illustrierte deutsche Monats-Hefte**, by a Dr. Wolfgang Müller. These professed to be founded upon a diary and verbal communications which Müller had received from Beethoven's friend, Dr. Wegeler. Mr. Glover, to whom we are exclusively indebted for the information, goes on to explain that "a natural reluctance had hitherto restrained" Dr. Wegeler—who, in his *Nachtrag*, just cited, was believed to have spoken his last word about Beethoven, already (in 1845) eighteen years dead—"from publishing the details of his own boyhood's intimacy" with the renowned composer:—

"This intimacy" [says Mr. Glover], "which is so apparent in the following narration, guarantees the faithfulness of the portrait of the great master here displayed. The particulars of his early struggles, and the dawning of his genius, will be mostly new to the public. In Schindler's *Life of Beethoven* the youth of the composer is very superficially treated, while the latter part of his life, from the time when he settled in Vienna, is treated at considerable length. This biography, therefore, and the present, are supplementary to each other, for *Furioso* is rich in reminiscences of Beethoven's boyhood, but touches slightly on the latter part of his life."

We are thus asked to accept the diverting pages of *Furioso* as veritable biography. The claim is preposterous, and, coming from any one less unacquainted with his subject than the "Editor" of the English version, would be rejected without comment. But Mr. Glover seems to labour under the conviction that, excepting Schindler's *Biography*, nothing of the smallest account has been written about Beethoven. True, he informs us that "in Schindler's *Mémoire* a sketch of Beethoven's life by Wegeler is referred to"; but of what that sketch consists he is evidently ignorant.

"It is only an outline" [he says] "not marked by the unreserve remarkable in the present volume. This unreserve, the friendly confidence to which the reader is admitted, and introduced to the most private family scenes, is one of the principal charms of the work before us."

But who is the medium of introduction? Certainly not Beethoven and as certainly not Wegeler. Beethoven wrote nothing of himself; Wegeler told all he had to tell in his *Notizen*, and in the *Nachtrag*, published seven years later. If he had more to communicate, he would have communicated it there. Our medium is, therefore, Dr. Wolfgang Müller, contributor of serial articles to Westermann's *Monats-Hefte*, with whose full approval we are consoled to learn that the translation of *Furioso* is offered to the English public. The "Diary" mentioned by Mr. Glover, who has a very imperfect notion of the responsibility he assumes, can scarcely be any other than the one from which Wegeler must have drawn up his own *Notizen*. The "verbal communications" of a man of fourscore may be viewed indulgently; but, even with this proviso, we should find it difficult to acquit Dr. Wolfgang Müller of having drawn upon his imagination as far as he deemed necessary to render his narrative inviting. The Germans delight in a species of fiction which bears the name of "art-novel." In an "art-novel" the hero is ordinarily some celebrated painter, poet, musician, as the case may be, the leading incidents of whose life are used as a substructure, and the rest built up according to the fancy of the author, who can make his "artist" do as many strange things and talk as many commonplaces as he finds expedient. *Furioso* is just one of these art-novels. It opens in the conventional manner of the late G. P. R. James:—

"One bright June morning, in the year 1785, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven Mountains lying between Königswinter and the Oelberg, a slight well-grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period. A three-cornered had covered his head, the usual periuke hung down his neck; a brown coat with a standing collar, yellow breeches, and coloured stockings with low cut shoes, completed his attire. Attached to his shoulder by a green ribbon, &c."

This the reader may be led to expect is an animated picture of young Beethoven. By no means; it is an animated picture of young Wegeler. And, indeed, in a large part of Dr. Müller's narrative, Wegeler figures as a personage no less conspicuous than the one that holds the "Titelrolle" than, in short, "Furioso." We can readily understand the moribund octogenarian, in his talks with friend Müller, looking back fondly through the mist of half a century, and believing it quite natural that, when asked about Beethoven, the question was meant, as a matter of course, to apply to Beethoven in connexion with himself; but surely Dr. Müller might have suppressed thus much of the "verbal communications," if only to give more space to his hero. After four whole

* Westermann's *Illustrierte deutsche Monats-Hefte für das gesamte geistige Leben der Gegenwart*—published monthly at Brunswick.

pages devoted to Wegeler, we are dragged in his company half way up the Oelberg—another picturesque description, in the style of G. P. R. James, introducing us to another picturesque character:—

"Straining his eyes to the summit, he beheld a short muscular form, whose long dark hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest. This singular individual seemed little mindful of the elements; on the contrary, he appeared to the student quite at his ease among them, as he judged from the ecstatic gesticulations with which he flung his arms in the air, and appeared to court their approach. Or was the systematic waving to and fro of the stick that he held in his right hand intended to beat time to this display of their fury? It would indeed seem so, as suddenly he cried aloud, 'Now an *allegro*!' A flash of lightning succeeded this command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. '*Adagio maestoso*!' he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. '*Prestissimo furioso!*' shouted the weather director, and, exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his commands, now resounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another. The student felt himself quite awed before this mysterious conductor of the tempest, who in the light of the last flash seemed to be encircled with sparks (!). Then, as suddenly as it had clouded over, the upper current of the atmosphere now cleared. The sky above became blue, and the peak of the Oelberg stood out like a rocky island amid the sea of clouds that enveloped the mountain beneath. The student looked once more at the figure above him, whom he now saw quietly seated,"

The storm-directing youth is Beethoven—Beethoven at fifteen, under the intellectual tutelage of Wegeler at twenty. Was all this in the "Diary"?—or was it verbally communicated to Müller sixty years after it occurred?—or is it simply the offspring of Müller's own brain? We incline to the last proposition, and the more so, inasmuch as, a little way on, Beethoven, *alias* "Furioso," is made to utter such nonsense as the following:—

"'That was a symphony, from God's very heart!'" exclaimed he, springing up. "Such a one is beyond Haydn and Mozart. They are grand, charming, spirited, playful in their creations. But to my mind they are wanting in that depth and power that swells through men's very hearts, and speaks to them without the aid of a poet, as they traverse the stormy paths of life!'"

The most careless reader will not fail to perceive in this rodomontade a sort of theatrical prophecy of the Storm movement in the "Pastoral Symphony." But apart from the pomposity of the speech, how could a boy of fifteen summers, who had never left Bonn, and had never heard grand orchestras, be sufficiently well versed in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart to tax them conscientiously with the want of "depth and power," &c., which, we may presume, we are intended to understand as marking their inferiority to those subsequently composed by Beethoven himself? From Wegeler (the genuine Wegeler) we hear much of the earnest sincerity of young Beethoven's nature, and his utter abhorrence of display; but the words here put into his lips by Dr. Müller—for if they were in Wegeler's "Diary," Wegeler would be no better authority than the Doctor—are the words of an upstart puppy, destitute of that reverence for the great and good which is the most engaging attribute of youth.

The rest of the chapter is absorbed by a conversation of which Wegeler takes the lion's share. Not content with a history of the convent of Heisterbach, a history of Cassarius, and a history of Walter of Mappes, the redoubtable talker vociferates a Latin song, in tones that "resound through the forest." This is on their way to the convent, which, breaking off in the midst of a metaphysical disquisition, Wegeler extols as an excellent refectory:—

"'But enough of this. See, in yonder valley lies the convent of Heisterbach. Let us pay the monks a visit. They have always a substantial morsel and a dainty flask to offer to travelling students.'"

(Surely the foregoing may be met with somewhere in James.) At the convent the hospitable monks are as much astonished by Wegeler's fluent Latin as by "Furioso's" performance on the organ; and while the two friends are taking their departure, the Abbot interrogates them as follows:—

"'One moment; I wish to know the name of the student.' 'Franz Gerhard Wegeler,' answered the tall youth. 'And how is the young artist called?' 'My name,' cried the boy, looking back, 'is Ludwig van Beethoven!'"

Wegeler and Beethoven! Does not this recall the dwarf and the giant, in Voltaire's *Microcosm*? It is sad to contemplate the respectable Wegeler in so absurd a position, but Dr. Müller alone is answerable. Everywhere he makes Wegeler act the same conspicuous part; everywhere he is monitor, referee, chider, comforter, adjudicator, absolver, and *settler-to-rights*.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

An English version of M. Aimé Maillart's opera, called *Lara*, produced in the spring of 1864, with great success, at the Opéra Comique in Paris, was brought out on Monday with great splendour and efficiency, and experienced a highly flattering reception from a brilliant house. The entire action of the piece, in which free use is made of the characters in more than one of Lord Byron's poems, takes place in and near the ancient castle of the Lara family, situated on the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean. On the rising of the curtain the exterior of the castle is discovered. A large party of young noblemen have reached its walls early in the morning, and ask admittance in the name of Camille, Countess de Flor (Miss Romer), who, in consequence of the long absence and supposed decease of the direct heir, Don Juan de Lara (Mr. Swift), has inherited the estate. The expected hospitality is not bestowed. A terrible-looking old gentleman, named Lambro (Mr. Honey), thrusts his head from a window and informs the visitors that if they attempt to enter they will receive the contents of an arquebus. The head disappears, and the nobles retreat famished with hunger; but meeting two peasants—Antonio and Casilda (Mr. Terrott and Miss Cotterell)—laden with provisions, ease them of their burden and refresh themselves in the open air. While thus engaged with the feast, Casilda amuses them with a song, declaring her joyous conviction that when the Count de Lara returns old Lambro will be hung up without delay. All this, including Casilda's song, is comprised in the introduction, which terminates on the entrance of Ezzelin (Mr. Renwick), another noble, with the intelligence that the King of Spain has ordered the Countess Camille to choose a husband on the following day, and that the happy man is to assume the rank and title of the old Counts of Lara. The Countess, as a finish to her single life—which, as we hear from a short song by Ezzelin, has been distinguished by an innocent spirit of coquetry—has invited a large party to the old deserted castle, and the nobles are not only her guests, but rivals for her hand—friendly rivals, it is understood, resolved to adhere to her choice, provided she chooses one of their own set, but vowing vengeance if perchance she should fix upon an outsider. From a conversation with the nobles and two peasants we learn that immediately after the disappearance of Don Juan de Lara his father died of grief. The castle is shut up by the intendant Lambro, who, however, still continues to collect the dues from the peasantry, alleging that he is constantly making preparations for the return of his young master. When the nobles have departed, to alleviate, by a sail on the Mediterranean, the tedium of waiting for the Countess, and old Lambro, pouncing on the unfortunate peasants, deprives them of a purse they have received from the young roysters, the Countess arrives with her train—all save herself being exhausted with fatigue and suffering under the effects of a broiling sun. Camille, who resided in the castle during childhood, and was betrothed to Juan, recognizes an old playmate in Casilda, and soon touches the heart of Lambro, who had dallied her in his arms years before. But, when the old man understands that the husband of Camille is to usurp the title of Lara, his loyalty to the ancient name takes the form of strong indignation, and after a concerted piece, chiefly consisting of a solo wherein he declares his inflexibility, he retires to the castle, which he shuts up as close as ever, the ladies being forced to take shelter in Casilda's cottage. Meanwhile Lara enters in a dilapidated condition, accompanied by Kaled (Miss Louisa Pyne), apparently an Arab boy; and the respective feelings of the two on their arrival in a country which is the native land of one and utterly strange to the other are expressed in a duet. The Countess, quitting the cottage, takes an interest in the strangers; but while Lara, who from her conversation learns that she is the betrothed of his early years, beholds her with admiration and incipient love, she is regarded with jealous suspicion by Kaled. This situation gives rise to a trio, in which the strangers take leave of the Countess, and which, without intervening dialogue, is immediately followed by the *finale*. The young nobles reappearing, are commanded by the Countess to force a passage into the castle, and an attack is about to commence, when, to the surprise of all, the gate is cautiously thrown open by Lambro, who informs the whole assembly that his master, the Count of Lara, has returned, and invites them to share his hospitality. With the acceptance of this invitation the first *finale* terminates.

The second act takes place within the castle, which is superbly lit up for the reception of the guests. A concerted piece expresses contentedly the delight of the visitors, the joy of Lambro, and the courtesy of Lara. Lambro, indeed, converted into a miracle of good humour, not only declares his satisfaction at the return of the good old times, through a lively song, in which he is joined by Antonio and Casilda, but restores to the young couple the purse, made heavier than before with added ducats. All retire on the approach of the Countess, who expresses in a romance the feeling revived in her heart by the sight of Lara. Lara, presently entering, protests that his love for

Camille has alone induced him to reassume his proper rank and title. A trio ensues, during which Lara and Camille exchange vows of affection, their happiness being slightly marred by the anxiety of the Countess to know something of Lara's past life; while Kaled, in the background, gives semblance of jealous rage. Again the Countess is desirous of showing kindness to the stranger boy; but Kaled, more recalcitrant than won, sings an Arab song about a murder committed by a jealous woman, concerning the significance of which there can be no doubt, and which reveals to her rival that Kaled is a woman in disguise. Ezzelin, who has felt sure of the hand of Camille, is scarcely less furious than Kaled at the mutual attachment of Lara and the Countess; and the pangs of jealousy form the subject of a duet between the two sympathetic personages. Here commences the *finale* of Act II—which is replete with dramatic movement, and, indeed, the most elaborate piece of concerted music in the opera. The guests, re-entering, renew their expressions of delight at the festival; the Countess formally proclaims Lara the husband of her choice; and, in the midst of a sumptuous banquet Lara himself sings a ballad, recounting the prowess of his ancestors. All this mirth, however, is interrupted by the entrance of Ezzelin, who openly denounces Lara as an impostor, clothed with a name and attributes he has no right to wear, and declares that on the day following he will be chased from the castle. The guests are horror-stricken; but Lara, who after all is not an impostor, affects to treat the matter lightly; and it is arranged that the dispute between himself and Ezzelin shall be decided by single combat on the ensuing morning.

The third act opens with the discovery of Lara, asleep in his chamber, watched by Kaled, who has caused all the mischief by telling Ezzelin—something, and is evidently beginning to feel remorse. The scene opening reveals a dream of the sleeper. We are transported to a marine cave, where Lara, under the name of Conrad, appears as chief of a band of pirates, with Kaled, as Gulnare, for his most intimate associate. The songs in praise of piratic joys, and an engagement during which Conrad falls wounded into the arms of Gulnare, make the subject of a concerted piece; and it must be admitted that MM. Cormon and Michael Carré have here very ingeniously suggested the connexion between the two poems of Lord Byron, much as they have deviated from the original story of *Lara*. The dream over, Kaled, confessing that he is Gulnare disguised, also avows that he has betrayed to Ezzelin the secret of Lara's past life; but the consideration that love is the cause of the transgression induces Lara to pardon the charming traitress. Meanwhile the hour for the hostile meeting with Ezzelin has arrived, and Lambro brings Lara his father's sword, together with a casket containing the signet and title-deeds of the family. In this also is a document, in old Lara's hand, warning his son never to draw his sword in an unrighteous cause, and never to assert his name if he has committed any act by which it is dishonored. A song expresses the intention of Lara to obey his father's mandate; and, with a change of scene, we come to the last *finale*. Ezzelin, sword in hand, is awaiting the arrival of his antagonist on the sea-beach; while all the other personages of the drama are assembled to witness the issue of the encounter. But when Lara appears, it is to confess that he is really an impostor—plain Conrad the Corsair, and no Lara at all; and he retires from the Spanish coast, followed by general contumely. Two persons, however, accompany him in his retreat—Kaled, *alias* Gulnare, whose love is to compensate him for all he has lost, and good old Lambro, who, with the keen eye of feudal instinct, has detected that the avowed and branded impostor is the Lara, notwithstanding.

Those who are acquainted with the original drama will remark the closeness with which it has been followed by the adapter, and appreciate the felicity with which the songs and concerted pieces have been turned into another language without in any sense outraging the musical accent and rhythm. This in several instances, and especially in the *chanson Arabe*:

A l'ombre des verts platanes
Où dorment les caravanes,
Mohamed est de retour," &c.

—the quaint, monotonous, half Arab, half Spanish tune of which is much more readily accommodated by the French than the English idiom—was a task of no small difficulty.

Of the music of M. Maillart—already well and favorably known by his operas of *Gastibela* and *Les Dragons de Villars*, and of the performance generally—we must defer speaking. Enough, that the execution was remarkably effective; that an interest apart was created by the *début* of a soprano (Miss Romer), and a baritone (Mr. Renwick), both new to the stage, and both—the lady in particular, likely to prove acquisitions; that several pieces were asked for again and repeated; that the calls for the principal singers were as frequent as usual on first nights; and that, at the end of the opera, there was a loud and general summons for the manager (Mr. W. Harrison), who came forward with Signor Ardit—*the excellent conductor of Her Majesty's*

Theatre—amid applause quite enthusiastic. On the whole M. Maillart has reason to be satisfied with the style in which his opera has been represented, both scenically and musically, and with the hearty welcome accorded to the first work from his pen ever introduced to an English audience.

The Dawn and the Day.*

DAWN.

Though sombre aye a deep dirge sing,
There's a sweet melody for youth,—
Fairness and freshness, love and truth,
For life when in its spring.

When thought is sanguine—full of hope,
The heart both pure and warm,
Its sails full-winded, braced to cope
With life; no fear for storm!

Emblem of youth:—the fairy morn,
Where Beauty crowned reigns,
Her eyes—the dewy drops of light,
Her hair—the yellow sunbeams bright,
Her breath—the fragrant gale of dawn,
Her voice—the woodland strains.

DAY.

The dew dries; fancy's mists depart,
The lark so high that soared,
Sinks sudden—so may sink the heart,
However gaily stored.

Broadens the day; the sun mounts high,
And flowers, in dew late bathed,
Scorch in his beams as mortals by
Life's noon-day passions scathed.

Proudly may young hearts plough life's sea,
Gaily the pennons flow,
Bright shine the sun, and hopefully
The favoring breezes blow.

Silently may fate's fierce shafts wait,
Untouched this bark pass o'er,
Some gain their ports storm-worn and late,
And some are seen no more.

J. G.

BRIXTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society gave their third concert on Wednesday evening last week at the Brixton Institution. Great credit is due to the various instrumental performers, who, under the guidance of Mr. Boose, acquitted themselves admirably.

The CONCORDIA SOCIETY gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, Deptford, on Monday. The vocalists were Miss Lizzie Wilson, Miss Lotti Ellerie, Madame Helen Percy, Madame Gordon, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Carl Turner and Mr. Leonard Walker. Mrs. George Tedder was the pianist. The programme was made up of miscellaneous vocal pieces. Among those which pleased most were "Wapping old stairs," sung by Madame Percy (encored); "The Red Cross Banner," sung by Mr. George Tedder (encored); "Largo al factotum," sung by Mr. Leonard Walker and encored, when Mr. Walker gave the popular German *Lied*, "In sheltered vale;" Claribel's song, "Five o'clock in the morning," sung by Madame Gordon (encored), and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," given with great spirit by Mr. Leonard Walker. The Concordia Society are giving a series of concerts in the environs of London, which generally attract very large audiences.

MR. RALPH WILKINSON's benefit at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, notwithstanding the intense fog that prevailed on Saturday evening last, attracted a large attendance. The operetta was *Jessy Lea*, and the singers, with Mr. Wilkinson, were Miss Robertine Henderson, who has now become an undeniable favorite with the public, Miss M. Pitt, a rising young singer, and Mr. Whiffin. After the operetta a miscellaneous concert was given with the assistance of Madame Rudersdorff (encored in "She wore a wreath of roses"); Miss Florence de Courcy (who sang Henry Smart's "Hark the bells are ringing," charmingly); Mr. Cummings (encored in Signor Randegger's song "The sunshine and the shade"); Mr. Herbert Bond; Mr. W. J. Fielding; Mr. Emile Berger and the Orpheus Glee Union. Mr. Wilkinson sang, "The Pilot" and joined Madame Rudersdorff in Signor Randegger's trio "I Naviganti" (The Mariners), which was loudly applauded and redemanded. Mr. Emile Berger and Signor Randegger accompanied the singers on the pianoforte.

* To music. Copyright of the author.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Shoe, being pinched for time, at once proceeds to business. Herewith another shot at Shoot:—

DEAR DR. MUTTON, OR MR. AP'SHOE,—(*What boots it?*)—It was too bad of you to print my letter with the signature, *A Impromptu*. I made up my mind Shoot would make a joke upon it, and was trembling all the week for fear he shood. Poor Montague! He seems wounded. I little thought he'd take it so to heart, and talk of "false accusations" and other serious things.

In a succinct point of view, this was my letter:—"I think 'Occasional' is right—a brick at any rate to *say* what he thinks; and then I went on to opine that Shoot was not very great in the joke way if the *Co* affair was to be accepted as his standard; winding up by mentioning one or two vocalists, who I dared to say were *passé*, and who had ceased to interest their hearers." And when I said, "Don't rave about singers as now charming because once they moved you," I didn't mean it for Shoot, poor fellow. I was declaiming from the "donkey-shed" of ignorance to the readers of the *Musical World* in general, and quite conscious that I was "rushing wildly into print." There, will that do? Is that sufficient "emollient," as Mutton hath it?

Let us, therefore, bury all ideas of hostility in "the tomb of the"—Montagues. And, giving thee, O Shoot, the ruins of thy magnificent castles (in the air) to wander in, with voiceless Maries and Tammerlaks to secure thy repose, "I humbly take my leave."—Believe me, Dr. Mutton or Mr. Ap'Shoe (what boots it?) Your (*A detached*) correspondent,

B. IMPROMPTU.

P.S.—Shoot wants "a light by which he may read my letter." Is he still thinking of a "luebration?"

Persuaded that Mr. Shoot can mind his own affairs, Dr. Shoe declines to meddle with them. Nevertheless, Mr. B. Impromptu will do well to take unfurnished apartments. Herewith a groan from Humpf:—

TO OWAIN AP'MUTTON, Esq.
(*Vacuating at Rome*).

Str.—I cannot imagine why Dr. Shoe in your absence thought fit to ex-lude my contribution (The Abbot of St. Gall) from the columns of *Muttoniana*, and in depreciation of such an inhospitable act beg to submit my opinion that Dr. Shoe, without being a prince, was born under the same "aspects and genethlia influences" as a prince. I very much doubt whether Dr. Shoe will understand the point of the above quotation—you, or Pantagruel, will perhaps kindly explain to him.—I am, Sir, &c., &c.,

HUMPH.

P.S.—Should Dr. Shoe not solve without reference, pray add the following N.B. addressed to him:—

N.B.—	Doctoral f.	Graduated .
	Collateral f.	Elected f.
	Favorized f.	Popular f.
	Dutiful and Official f.	Abridging f.

The Cackling Goose—Feb. 1, 1865.

Dr. Shoe failing to comprehend, without reference, the body of Mr. Humpf's epistle, has added the *nota bene*, which, after noting well, he (Shoe) fails to comprehend. Dr. Theodore Wheel once put a precise point to Mr. Ap'Mutton, who himself supplied *referenda*.

Herewith a backhander—if not a stone from behind a wall:—

DEAR SHOE,—In to-day's "impression" your Vienna correspondent writes as follows:—"The old chorus is to be discharged and a new one engaged in its place; this is a step which should by rights have been taken long ago." This, however, is the "rub":—"The voices of some of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the present chorus have long been *horriblement parseés*—but, *Que voulez-vous?* Voices will not last for ever, as long as larynxes continue to wear out." Would not the above apply to an establishment—not "limited" when "chez lui"—and certainly not a hundred miles from —, but perhaps the doubtless learned but decidedly eccentric Ap'Mutton may know how far short of the above-mentioned number of miles the establishment is from —. I'll pause awhile and rest. Your new but appreciative correspondent,

"C'EST LE TON QU'FAIT LA MUSIQUE."

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) observes considerable want of "ton" in the epistolarian who addresses him with a familiarity only justified by long acquaintance or recent confratration. Nevertheless, he (Shoe) has impinged the communication—as also the following from Dr. Wheel:—

DEAR SHOE,—The Paris correspondent of the *Star* speaks of a New-Year's gift made by Gustave Doré to Mdme. Rossini. It consisted

of a fan, on which the artist had painted the notes of the air from *Tell*, "Matilde idole de ma vie." Each note, I am told, represents a Cupid's head, "giving the exact expression of the tone conveyed by the voice;" "the additional lines represented by flutes and bows, and for *double crochets* the cupids drawn in tiny boats rowing." It would appear from the statement of this Franco-English or Anglo-French writer, that a head can really be painted so as to give "the expression of a tone;" in other words, that a singing head can be painted in such a manner that one has only to look at it to know what particular note it is uttering. I can understand a caricaturist representing a Tambourilok or a Wachtel straining every pectoral nerve in order to force out a "C from the chest." The grunting of an E flat by a bass profound might also be depicted with more or less significance. But it is difficult to conceive a portrait of a lady, gentlemen, or angel so cunningly delineated as to show not merely that the subject of the portrait is singing, but the very note that is being sung. Probably the artist has assumed that singers open their mouths wider in proportion as they ascend the scale. On this principle, it would be quite possible for an artist to indicate—to those already initiated in the secret of his system—the comparative elevation (though not the absolute pitch) of the notes produced by each of his singing heads. Gustave Doré's design, however, is sure to be highly ingenious; and it is not his fault if a Paris correspondent who writes neither French nor English is unable to give an intelligible account of it. Why, by-the-way, does this correspondent talk about "double crochets?" The French word *croche* does not mean "crochet," but "quaver;" while the French word *double croche* does not mean either "double crochet" or "double quaver," but "semiquaver."—Yours, dear Shoe,

Spoke House, Feb. 2.

THEODORE WHEEL (M.D.).

Dr. Shoe is glad. Dr. Wheel, however, should rather have addressed his letter to Leicester (Esq.) Buckingham. Dr. Shoe has, however, impinged it without grimace.

Herewith seven letters all *in re A. Manns and his men, (Amen?)* which Dr. Shoe, having nothing to say, impinges in a row, with numerals:—

No. 1.

DEAR MR. AP'MUTTON,—From all I have heard about you I am sure you must be a very good-natured person, and that you will not refuse to insert this letter of mine in your funny publication, which, now that I have left school, I am allowed to read. I may as well tell you that I am very musical, and that I played an air with sixteen variations at mamma's last party, of which I only missed out the one in six flats, but nobody found it out, as everybody was talking and laughing the whole time I played. I thought at first that they were laughing at me, but mamma told me afterwards that genteel people always *do* laugh and talk during music. I am now coming to the grand object of my letter and hope that you will take as much interest in it as I do. All those letters in your nice paper about the solo players at the Crystal Palace have made a great impression on me, and I think I know how all the difficulty might be settled. A gentleman, who is a friend of mine, I *may say*, a very particular friend, has invented an instrument which, when wound up, plays of itself most beautifully, and sounds just like a clarinet. It plays three times, "The last rose of summer," "Auld Robin Gray," and "Charlie is my darling," so deliciously that I could listen for ever! Papa says that it doesn't play with any expression, but my friend the inventor says that it so much the more like a *real* player. His name is Octavius Flourish, and he says he could arrange his instrument to imitate *anything*. Dear Mr. Ap'Mutton, I wish you would help him to bring it before the public somehow. Now *do*, please, and you will so much oblige.

Your great admirer,

DULCINEA.

No. 2.

SIR,—I wonder it does not strike your readers and your writers, that perhaps the English members of the Crystal Palace orchestra *can't* play. If they could, depend upon it their conscientious conductor, Herr Manns, would be the first to encourage them and bring them forward. The only Englishman I ever heard play a solo in the Palace band is a cornet player named Wilmore, and certainly if Herr Manns' other principals are no better than his tyro cornet, I don't wonder he is ashamed to bring them forward. I suppose Wilmore is the best. Poor Manns.

I am, Sir,

Buz.

No. 3.

SIR,—In answer to the *anonymous trash* reflecting upon me, in your paper of the 21st inst., I beg to say that I'm sure those amiable ladies, Mrs. and Miss Burble of Weedland Villas, Gipsy Hill, Norwood, could employ their time better than in trying to sow seeds of dissension where harmony should reign.

I am, Sir, Yours obedient,

FREDERICK THOMAS QUINTON.

Opposite the Priory, Wandsworth Road, January 31st, 1865.

No. 4.

SIR.—Your lively correspondent "Gog" asks rather contemptuously "Who is Mr. Quinton?"—as if he were *nobody*, or at best a *mere myth*. Now, I am enabled to state most emphatically that he is *somebody*, to which you will at once assent, when I inform you that, after much patient and laborious research, I have ascertained that he is descended in a direct line from the immortal Quintus Curtius, whose heroic self-immolation as recorded in the pages of Roman history, still transports us to enthusiasm. Of his illustrious descendant I dare not assert that he would leap into an abyss to save his country, or anything else; but to *save* is one thing and to *get* is another. Were our modern Quintus to receive an offer of £100 a-year to mind his own business, ay, or that of "any other man," the probabilities are that he would *jump* at it, and could we blame him for endeavouring to better himself *per salutem*?—By appearing in your pages, he has already acquired a dim kind of lustre, and, if encouraged, may expand into one of the luminaries of the nineteenth century. To conclude, if you or any of your friends should require enlightenment as to the antecedents of any still unrecognized genius, apply at once to your constant reader and warm admirer,

GRUB.

P.S.—Quinton, or more properly *Quintus*, has the true Roman cast of countenance. Severe, inflexible and unfathomable as the abyss into which he would plunge—if he dared!

No. 5.

SIR.—I have but little to say, and shall not say that little *well* though *Wells* is my subject. Two or three points seem to have escaped your correspondents, who, though they can see *Wells* evidently cannot see well. Why should Herr Manns be called over the coals for preferring a flageolet to a flute. We may *well* wonder why he likes Bonniseau better than *Wells*, and we must certainly deplore his preference for flageolet music, but how can he help it? *De gustibus!* If questioned, Mr. Manns would in all probability say that it is to please the *public* and not himself that he has so many flageolet and so few flute solos, therefore he had better *not* be asked. Perhaps *Wells* does not play *well* enough, or perhaps he does not behave *well* enough to be allowed to play a tune all by himself. Truth is said to lie in a *well* and there it had better stop while the present dynasty lasts. A few tracts inculcating resignation and contentment might be forwarded to *Wells*, together with a book of "Instruction for the Flute."

1, Wellington Crescent, *Wells*.

WILLIAM WELLER.

No. 6.

SIR.—When people appear in print, they should be very careful what they say and how they say it. The vulgar, ignorant and cowardly writers of those letters about my friend and patron, Quinton, coarsely insinuate that he is *nobody*. The fact is, he is *everybody*, and were he to retire into private life, then woe to the world in general, and to the Crystal Palace in particular! Let the correspondence end here.

ADOLPHUS MANSE.

To *Owain Ap'Mutton*, Esq.

No. 7.

SIR.—Knowing you to be suffering severely from an attack of quinquennials, aggravated probably by the Quintonian correspondence, I feel that this letter should be addressed to Dr. *Shoe*, he standing for the time being in your shoes. The fact is, his name is so painfully suggestive of Schumann that I involuntarily recoil from it; however, when next he runs short of alternatives I trust he will apply to me. My property consists principally of *alternatives*, for in my trade (that of a wheelwright) I rarely have recourse to anything else, which accounts not only for the frequent attacks of dizziness to which I am liable, but also for the inextricable confusion in which my affairs are constantly involved. Let us now proceed to business. Some weeks ago, you obligingly allowed a letter of mine, concerning the Crystal Palace band, to appear in your pages. In self-justification I have written another, which I respectfully request you to insert. From information I have received, it seems that some German gentlemen (sharp-sighted gentlemen) think they have discovered a substratum of envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and untruthfulness in my former letter. Now, Sir, these German gentlemen are of course fabulously *geistreich* (what German is not?), but their misconstruction of my extremely simple remarks proves that their literary attainments are by no means first class. They have not mastered English yet, so I have translated the Papal portion of my letter into intelligible, though doubtless inelegant German. Der Zufall will dass mir die Clarinette sehr gefällt und bin daher bereit der Virtuosität des Herrn Pape volle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu lassen; bei der Voraussetzung jedoch, dass er unter Musikern denselben hohen Rang einnimmt den das Rebhuhn unter den Vögeln geniesst, kann dennoch "toujours perdrix" nicht entsprechend sein. Dürften wir nicht, ohne die Zahl der Clarinet-solos zu vermindern, öfter ein Solo auf irgend einem andern Instrumente hören? Should a suspicion of venom or vitriol still attach to those lines, the extract shall be forwarded to Dr. *Lethaby* for analysis.

Individually I care but little for *any* solo. I hear instrumental *solo ad nauseam* at home, and would rather listen to a crashing *tutti* when at the Palace, but that is not the point in question. If I have made a false statement regarding the flute and euphonium solos, let me be publicly exposed and for ever silenced. In conclusion, allow me once more to repeat how much I appreciate Mr. Pape's ability, and how sincerely I regret that my admiration of his talent was shared by so

DARTLE OLD.

P.S.—On reference to my programmes for last August, September, October and November, I find that the solos have been thus distributed among the members of the orchestra—Violin, Mr. Watson—0; violoncello, Mr. Reed—0; flute, Mr. Wills—1; oboe, Mr. Crozier—8; clarinet, Herr Pape—21; flageolet, Mons. Bonniseau—26; bassoon, Mr. Hutchins—0; and euphonium, Mr. Phasey—1. I have intentionally omitted Mr. Wilmot as he has so recently joined the band. Is he *really* an Englishman? I am only asking "for information." It is worthy of remark that Mr. Watson used to play frequently years ago, and that when the post of first flute was filled by a *foreigner* (Svensden) there was no lack of flute solos. "Nous avons changé tout cela."

Nevertheless, the following had previously come to foot:—

DEAR SHOE.—Insert no more letters on the *Crystal Palace* question without *precipit*, and forward *precipits* immediately to me, under cover, to *Pio IX*. In fact, insert no letters without *precipit*, except what *Punch* sends. Indeed, insert whatever *Punch* sends, *bad* or *worse*, *good* or *better*. In short, the *Pope* and I are somewhat pushed for the *needful*. In sum, I have promised *Napoleon* to organise an army for *His Holiness* from amongst (better than among?) the *brigands*, and have hardly the sum at hand to satisfy the rapacity of these *scoundrels*. Therefore, send me *precipits*, and ask *Ball Pond* to lend you (not me) a thousand pound, and *Drinkwater Hard* another, forthwith. Adieu. Comport and comfort thyself. Be assured of my consideration.

Owain Ap'Mutton.

P.S.—I have been with *Pio Nono* to *Erebus*. There we saw several good fellows, and amongst others an intimate late friend of yours and mine—*Suvoroff*, *Napoleon*, and *F. W. N. Bayley* had left. That was good about the *Abbott of St. Gall*; and *Pantagruel* was superhuman—which is almost to say, almost equal to *Ap'Mutton*. In fine, (better than *enfin*) if neither *Pond* nor *Hard* stump up the wherewithal, ask *Horace Mayhew*, *Sutherland Edwards*, or *Bismarck*. I've written to *John Oxenford*, *Brinley Sloper*, and *Lindsay Richards*. The first has declined—the second and third have not replied. Put nothing in about them without *precipit*. O. Ap'M.

Dr. *Shoe* impinges in fear and trembling.

Herehereherehereherewith (to conclude), a letter from Dr. Gander:—

DEAR DR. SHOE.—I have cut the following from *The Times*:—*DUSSEK'S SONATA L'INVOCATION*.—Herr Ernst Pauer, the well-known and eminent pianist, reminds us that he played Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*, 'already three years ago,' at his *Historical Concerts* in *Willis's Rooms*. Herr Pauer may be reminded in turn, that 'already' 20 years earlier, it was played by Mr. (now Professor) *Sterndale Bennett*, at his non-historical *soirées*; and that it has been played by other eminent pianists (including Mr. *Lindsay Sloper*)—at his benefit concert not very long since. But to perform it before a select circle of friends and pupils is a very different thing from performing it before a vast mixed crowd, like the audience at the *Monday Popular Concerts*. It was never intended to be conveyed that such a work as *L'Invocation* was unfamiliar to professional musicians. It would not say much for their research if such were really the case."

"Already" 54 years ago—in 1811, the year before Dussek (not "Dunk") demised—Mr. *Ap'Mutton* (as he has frequently told Dr. *Shoe*), at his (*Ap'M.*'s) *Prehistorical Concerts*, played the *Invocation* (by memory) from the composer's MS., to the great delight of the composer.

Taylor Shoe.

Shoebury—Boot and Hook—Jan. 27.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD's complimentary benefit took place on Thursday morning at Drury Lane, when nearly all the actors in the metropolis attended, and contributed in some manner to render the entertainment attractive. The pieces were *The Areti Belle*, with Messrs. Paul Bedford, and *Toole*, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon; *My Aunt's Advice*, with Mr. Sothern; and *Box and Cox*, with Messrs. Buckstone and Compton. At the end, Mr. Paul Bedford held a *levée* and all the actors were presented to him in form.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(*St. James's Hall.*)ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH CONCERT,
(FOURTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1865.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO, in B flat major, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two Horns—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, H. WEBB, DAUBERT, C. HARPER, and STANDEIN *Mozart.*
DUET, "Tante strahl!"—The Misses WELLS *Handel.*
SONATA APASSIONATA, in F minor, Op. 57, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD *Beethoven.*

PART II.

DUET, "Sul l'aria" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)—The Misses WELLS *Mozart.*
SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. PRATTER, BARRET, C. HARPER, H. WEBB, DAUBERT, and SEVERN *Hummel.*

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du Roy
FLORENDO de MACKDORF et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicin, Empereur de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Six GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 57, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Bowey, Esq., J. Ella, Esq.; W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq. The price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATH.

On the 27th ult., aged 35 years, MR. SAMUEL BEMBRIDGE, A.R.A.M., professor of Music and Organist of Mornington Road Wesleyan Chapel, Southport.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

THE musical people at Leipsic, by their warm reception of Sterndale Bennett, have done honor both to themselves and to him. True, Bennett is an old Leipsic notoriety, and was one of the prominent figures in the Mendelssohn days; but nearly a quarter of a century has passed since then, and a new generation has sprung up. There is still Ferdinand David, in whose house

our eminent countryman resided during his brief sojourn—still Hauptmann, Schleinitz (one of Mendelssohn's great friends), and Moscheles, the much respected *alt-meister*. These living monuments of times gone by are the same in all but years; and it would be well if as much could be said of Leipsic. However, this is not the place for discussing the moral and intellectual status now occupied by a city which once ranked highest among the musical cities of the most morally and intellectually musical of countries. Enough that Leipsic had not forgotten Sterndale Bennett, but welcomed him as they would have welcomed him when Mendelssohn lived and wrote and made the city where he lived and wrote daily more famous—as they would have welcomed him before poor Robert Schumann lost his wits, and the poison of the Wagner heresy had infected the atmosphere of art with false doctrine and insinuating paradox.

So desirous were the authorities at the Gewandhaus to do the best that could be done for the Symphony in G minor,* and show every courtesy to the English musician who had composed it, that a rehearsal was called, preliminary to the ordinary rehearsal for the concert at which it was to be played. Of this advantage, nevertheless, Professor Bennett was prevented from availing himself. Letters not being delivered in Cologne (or, indeed, in any part of Prussia) on Sundays, he left the city of the Three Kings while a communication from the Gewandhaus was lying for him at the *Bureau de Poste*; and when the band had assembled, to try the symphony, a telegram arrived, with the information that he would arrive at Leipsic in the afternoon of the same day. This *contretemps*, however, was readily got over. The Germans rehearse early; and on Wednesday morning the members of the orchestra were summoned for the regular rehearsal half-an-hour earlier than usual. Thus there was plenty of time for the symphony, which they began to try at half-past eight, A.M. Professor Bennett, on making his appearance, was saluted with a flourish of trumpets and drums ("Tusch")—an honor very rarely conferred, and therefore doubly significant. The symphony was first played through without stops, and then movement by movement, till at last it went right well. The band zealous beyond measure, seemed never tired of their work, attending to every suggestion of the composer as cheerfully as if he had been one of themselves—or, indeed, their own Felix Mendelssohn come back again from the skies. The other pieces in the programme, all more or less interesting, were then rehearsed, under Herr Reinicke—successor to Herr Rietz,† as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts. After this Professor Bennett's symphony was once more tried from end to end—much to his satisfaction, as he expressed himself at the conclusion of the performance. There were a great many people at the rehearsal and the applause bestowed on the popular Englishman was most flattering. The success of the new work was now pretty certain. Opinion was unanimously in its favour. At the concert was the usual crowd of amateurs, all more or less musical judges. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the reception given to the symphony and its composer.

The execution was brilliant and spirited, and the applause at the termination of each movement quite enthusiastic. When Professor Bennett left the orchestra, he was called back again by the entire audience, to be newly complimented and applauded. In short the whole affair was a triumph for our countryman.

It was much regretted that the Philharmonic overture (*Paradise and the Peri*) could not be performed at the Gewandhaus, as well as the Philharmonic symphony; but Professor Bennett's stay at

* The work produced last year at the Philharmonic concerts.

† Now at Dresden.

Leipsic was inevitably short. A special concert, however, was arranged in compliment to him, in the Conservatory. At this all the pupils (about 150) were present, all the professors, the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts, and many of the chief patrons of music in Leipsic. On entering the concert-room, with his friend, Herr David, Professor Bennett was cordially greeted. The performances began with one of the quartets of Beethoven, to which succeeded several compositions by the Cambridge Professor. First there was the Sextet in F sharp minor (pianoforte, Fraulein Niebuhr); then the *Caprice* in E (pianoforte, Mr. Allison—an Englishman); then one of the *Suites de Pièces* (Mr. Perabo—an American); and lastly the concerto in F minor, No. 4 (pianoforte, Fraulein Weil). The orchestral accompaniments, where requisite, were supplied by a first-class quartet of stringed instruments, with a second pianoforte, at which one of the professors presided. In the *caprice* Herr Moscheles undertook this agreeable duty; and it need hardly be told how admirably he accomplished it. Indeed, each professor performed his part *con amore*, and the pupils in every respect did credit to the institution.

Before quitting Leipsic, Professor Bennett, at the house of Herr David, heard some of the best pupils of his Violin School, and was especially pleased with the performance of a young lady, who promised to become a *virtuoso* of the first rank. He also heard the Bach Thomas Scholars, under the direction of Dr. Hauptmann, sing some pieces in the room where hangs the portrait of the immortal John Sebastian, where Bach himself taught, and Hauptmann teaches now. Bach's monument was covered up in straw, and so not visible. When Professor Bennett left, he was accompanied to the train by Schleinitz, David, Moscheles, and other distinguished friends.

EINER DER ZUGEGEN WAR.

Dresden, Jan. 30,

THE MADRIGAL.

AT his recent Historical Concert, in Vienna, Herr Zellner presented the evening's programme by some remarks on the Madrigal. As they are highly interesting, we condense them for the benefit of our readers. In speaking of the Madrigal, a musical art-form which during a period of about a century and a half was almost the only one holding sway in the domain of secular music, we mean a part-song which is set to a short and pithy poem, and which, treated with more or less contrapuntal skill, possesses as its essential distinguishing characteristic freely invented melody, in contradistinction to the harmonized folk-songs, or the sacred compositions of the time, which were raised up on a given melody (the tenor) mostly borrowed from the Liturgy or the simple songs of the people. At a period when instrumental composition was in its infancy, performers were restricted exclusively to vocal productions. The impulse to find a common source of amusement in these productions set musicians harmonizing the folk-songs, which up to that time had been monodic. In consequence of the continually increasing demand for compositions of this description, musicians invented new ones on the same model. Thus arose the first steps towards the Madrigal in the shape of the *Frottola*, *Strambotti*, *Canzone*, Sonnets, Odes, &c., which formed essentially a category of their own. Like the Villanelles and Villotes subsequently, these are, it is true, artistic vocal compositions, though still fashioned after the folk-songs. The growing skill in counterpoint, however, yearned also to find employment in this branch of art. As such, it could not make use either of the primitive or the refined folk-song. It required, for its polyphonic efforts, short and pregnant phrases; it required characteristic motives, moulding themselves to the separate strophes of the verses. All this was not furnished by the folk's melody, which, at most, mirrored only the

general sentiment of the poetry, but constituted a musical whole not capable of being resolved into separate parts. Such material had to be invented with special reference to the artistic object in view. The results of this process was the Madrigal, of which imitation must be considered as the musically technical fundamental form. This remained fixed, though, with time, extraordinarily extended as regards expressive fashioning of the melody; of richness of harmony; and of florid contrapuntal polyphony.

As the art of playing, especially the lute and harpsichord, grew more and more perfect and general, and, as on the other hand, the melody continued to become more singable and important in its purport, the vocal parts of the Madrigal kept diminishing in number, until at length only the uppermost one was sung, the next being given to the accompanying instrument. Thus did the Madrigal lead up to Opera, to Chamber-Cantatas, to Airs, and lastly to Songs, and herein consists the significance and importance of this form in the history of art. Its mission was now fulfilled; the Madrigal was gradually supplanted by the new art-forms which had sprung from it, and which proved more adapted for individual amusement, or better suited for the display of individual skill. But though, from the second half of the seventeenth century, the Madrigal lost its former popularity, it was still cultivated by many composers, on account of its form, down to the most recent times. Cherubini and Donizetti made essays in it.

The invention of the Madrigal belongs to the commencement of the sixteenth century. Its cradle was Italy, whence it soon made its way through the whole civilised world. The Netherlanders were the first who learned how to move with graceful skill in this new form. In France it did not take deep root; the national composition, the *chanson*, retained the upper hand. Germany adopted the form, but, on the whole, remained faithful to the essential attributes of the folk-melody. The Madrigal was cultivated most assiduously, and most in conformity with its original spirit, in England. Here it was, also, practised longest, for, even at the end of the last century there were numerous Madrigal Societies.

Before concluding this hasty sketch, we would direct attention to an interesting circumstance springing from the consideration of the historical position occupied by the Madrigal. We are enabled to deduce from it the most trustworthy possible conclusion as to the general condition of musical education in the fifteenth and the sixteenth century. The enormous numbers merely of the madrigals which were printed, on the one hand, and, on the other, the great amount of artistic skill necessary to execute them, prove how wide-spread musical education was among all classes of society, and how solid it must have been. Indeed, at that period, no one could lay claim to being socially educated who could not sing a part in a madrigal at sight. This art, of which, now-a-days, not many professional singers can boast, was looked upon as something that was quite a matter of course, though the difficulty of *a cista* reading was then far greater than it is now, because there were no scores, no bar-lines, or minute guiding signs, and no hints as to the time and style.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

AT the last meeting of the Committee, Mr. Cipriani Potter in the chair, Mr. Charles Swinnerton Heap of Birmingham (pupil of Dr. Monk of York) was elected Mendelssohn Scholar. Miss Agnes Zimmerman, who was also a candidate, withdrew some time in advance of the day of election.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Elijah* was given last evening, for the first time this season, with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. F. Lucas, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Whytock, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss as principal singers.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical event of the past week has been the production at the Théâtre-Lyrique of Prince Poniatowski's new opera, *L'Aventurier*. Need I say it had a princely success, and that all critical Paris has pronounced in its favor? I must do the Parisians justice to acknowledge that they entertain the utmost reverence for high names, and that with them no recommendation is so powerful as a sounding or royal title. Nobility covers a multitude of sins in the musical amateur, and the impossibility of a prince writing anything bad is accepted as a general maxim. Look at the comic opera just composed by M. le Prince J. Poniatowski!—look at the waltz just composed by M. le Prince de Metternich, and lately introduced at the grand fête given by him at his hotel in aid of the funds of the German Society—to say nothing of the work about to be produced at the Grand Opéra! Why does not Mr. Costa or Signor Arditi take a hint from the directors of our lyric theatres here, and bring out the bantling of some royal or noble brain, and appeal to the aristocratic public through one of themselves? I fear your English audiences are too plebeian in their instincts to care greatly for inspirations from lordly noddles, and that they prefer the nobility of talent to the nobility of name. I saw and heard the new opera on the first night of its representation. It had a great success—that is, it was well received—which means that a little went a great way to afford gratification. The most special honor paid the prince, however, was Rossini attending one of the latest rehearsals of the opera and remaining to the end. How Rossini complimented the composer I will leave you to guess. But prince by birth and potentate by genius are old friends, and so this extreme condescension on the part of Rossini is but a compliment to a *bon camarade*, a name to which the prince is fully as much entitled as that of musical composer. The libretto is by M. de St. Georges and is intended to be very amusing. The amusement, however, is of the most extravagant kind, and borders on the burlesque. I shall not pretend to analyze the plot, but will merely mention that the scene is laid in Mexico, that the principal incident takes place in a gold-mine, and that a beggar is the hero. The chief merit of the music is its total want of pretence. There is nothing grand aimed at in the orchestration, which is as simple and bare as a poker. The tunes, all deriving their sources from ancient hills, flow on in a well-worn channel, and never offend the ear. Best of all is that the tunes are vocal, and written in the good Italian school. He would be a dull prince indeed not to have gained something from Rossini's acquaintance. It must be remembered that the prince is a capital singer, and his skill in writing for the voices had already attracted attention in his other two operas, *Don Desiderio* and *Pierre de Medicis*. Most assuredly the success of the new opera should not occasion rivalry or an envious feeling in the breast of any composer, for Prince Poniatowski is a sincere patron to art and artists. The singers in the *Aventurier* were Mdlle. de Maesen, Madame Faure, MM. Monjauba, Ismael, and Petit. Monjauba was excellent as the adventurer both in singing and acting. Mdlle. de Maesen wanted animation for the part of the light-hearted Mexican maiden, Dona Fernanda, but sang well.—Madame Key-Balla is to play Lady Macbeth in Verdi's *Macbeth*.

The *Barbiere*, at the Italiens, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti, though wanting Mario, realised a receipt of 14,000 francs!! Mdlle. Patti introduced into the lesson-scene, for the first time, a Spanish ariette entitled "A Grenade," recently composed by Rossini, and created an immense effect. The benefit of the youthful "diva," which took place on Friday, comprised in the programme selections from *Don Giovanni*, the *Elixir d'amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and the *Traviata*, thus affording her an opportunity of exhibiting her talents, vocal and histrionic, under many phases. Her performances were a series of triumphs, and her reception flattering in an extraordinary degree. The attendance was the most brilliant of the season.

M. Faure, the eminent baritone of the Opéra, has just received the Cross of Isabella the Catholic; attributable, say some, to the dedication by him of his composition "Les Rameaux" to Her Spanish Majesty; or, say others, to the intercession of Rossini, with whom the French baritone is on terms of intimacy. Why Rossini should apply to Isabella of Spain to obtain from her a Cross to

decorate M. Faure with, or what possible good the decoration would do M. Faure, I cannot make out.

Rossini continues his weekly receptions. One of the *morceaux* given at the last reception was an unpublished work by the illustrious master, called "La Nuit de Noël." A grand *Soirée musicale* is shortly to take place, when two novelties, which have never been heard, will be produced:—duet, written expressly for Mdlle. Patti and Madame Alboni, and a French romance, called "Le Sylvain," composed for Signor Gardoni. Here are symptoms at least of activity. May we not hope that the silent, or sometime murmuring master, may, by success, or through awakening impulse, or in a fit of enthusiasm, be incited to open his mouth and pour forth all his eloquence—speak me my metaphor—and once more fill the world with melody? The hope of this lies in the encouragement he receives from friends and the applause he obtains from artists all of whom literally worship him here. An opera by Rossini would create a sensation throughout all Europe impossible even to imagine.

Appended is the programme of the sixth Popular Concert of classical music:—

Overture, *Iphigénie en Aulide*—Gluck; Symphony in F major—Beethoven; Andante from Quartet, Op. 50—Haydn; Air de Ballet, from *Prometheus*—Beethoven; Solos for pianoforte—"Chanson du Printemps," Mendelssohn; Rondo in E flat, Weber; Overture to *Jeune Henri*—Méhul.

M. Theodore Ritter was the pianist.

Paris, Jan. 25th.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S MORNING CONCERT.

The last of the series took place on Monday. The novelty was the introduction of a farce played by the *élite* of the Haymarket company, with Mr. Sothern as the special attraction. The farce was *Lord Dundreary Married and Done For*, which was capitally acted, and made the house echo with laughter. The second act of the *Trovatore* was repeated in consequence of the very great effect Miss Emily Soldene produced as Azucena at the last concert, and the unqualified praise bestowed upon her by the press. This time Mr. D. Miranda, not Mr. Swift, was Manrico. From Miss Soldene's second performance we can more confidently predict that, with extreme attention to her studies and a deaf ear turned to the flattering of friends, a high position awaits her on the lyric stage. She has voice, style, musical feeling, dramatic expression, and apparently the power—rare in a novice—of concentrating attention to her business on the boards. Fortunately, she cannot be placed in the hands of a better instructor and adviser than Mr. Howard Glover.

Of the miscellaneous concert which followed the dramatic performances it is not necessary to speak; nor indeed would space permit us had we inclination to do so. Enough that among the singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Santon-Dolby, Madame Weiss, Madame Ruderstorff, Miss Palmer, Miss Susan Galton, Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Banks, Miss Florence de Courcy, Madame Gordon, Miss Grace Lindo, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Alberto Laurence, M. Hilane, Signor Marchesi, &c., &c.; and among the instrumentalists, Miss Fanny Sebrié, Mdlle. de Beauvoisin, Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Brinley Richards (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), &c., &c. There were many encores and still more recalls, and the concert, which did not entirely exhaust the programme, passed off with the utmost eclat. As at all the previous concerts there was a full and efficient band selected from the two opera houses and the Philharmonic orchestras. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Emile Berger, Lehmyer and Howard Glover.

BURNING OF THE SURREY THEATRE.—This disastrous event took place on Monday night, and resulted in the entire destruction of the theatre. The fire broke out towards the close of the pantomime, fortunately, when a great number of the audience had departed, so that when the alarm was given, there was little obstruction at the doors from the hurrying out of the visitors. Moreover, the stage manager, with great presence of mind, came forward and begged of the audience not to show any terror, and to make their exit quietly, assuring them that the fire would take several minutes before it would reach the body of the house. To these two causes may be attributed the fact that no accident occurred. Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson were insured to the amount of £2,000 only.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

These entertainments are going on just as usual. The inclement weather seems to have little or no effect upon the genuine lovers of good music who constitute their chief support. Frost or snow, rain or mud, it is all one. The names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, backed by those of the practised artists engaged by Mr. Arthur Chappell to perform their works, exercise a spell not to be resisted. The 158th and 159th concerts have taken place since our last notice. At the 158th, that general favorite and admirable pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé, was as warmly greeted as ever, playing—in Beethoven's famous sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein (his earliest patron), and a brilliant trio in E flat, by Hummel (with Herr Straus and M. Paque)—better than ever, as though to justify the heartiness with which he was greeted; while Mr. Lazarus, in the clarinet part of Mozart's beautiful A major Quintet, delighted his hearers as of yore, by his rich tone, vocal phrasing, and perfect execution. The quartet was Mendelssohn's early one in E flat (Op. 12), containing the quaint *canzonetta* in G minor, the players—MM. Straus, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque—giving the *canzonetta* with such nice delicacy and *ensemble* that it was encored. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia and Miss Susan Galton.

The concert last Monday (the 159th) was one of the most interesting on record. All the instrumental pieces at the one previous—quartet, sonata, quintet, and trio—were thoroughly familiar to the audience (and none the less welcome on that account); but, on the present occasion, of the two principal features in the programme, the first was almost, the second quite a novelty. The quasi-novelty was Spohr's melodious and masterly quintet for stringed instruments in G major, really No. 1, though published as No. 2 of the set of three, Op. 33—statement put forth by the composer himself in his very readable and amusing *Selbst-Biographie*. More than half a century old, this quintet is, nevertheless, as fresh as if it had sprung up yesterday. Not its least potent charm is its frequent resemblance, in turns of phrase, cadence, harmony, and combination to Mozart—Spohr's great idol, whom he placed, with the concurrence of a vast number of musical thinkers, before all other composers. But apart from this, it is a thoroughly enchanting work, as full of Spohr as anything that came from his untiring pen, and of Spohr when his invention was ripest and his hand most fluent. Every movement is good; but the variations (*andante*) and the *finale* are models. A more irreproachable performance of a purely classical production than that of Herr Ludwig Straus and his companions (Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, Mr. Hann, and M. Daubert) could hardly have been dreamed of by the most ardent worshipper of Spohr's genius. These clever and zealous gentlemen seemed to remember that Spohr had himself expressed a special predilection for the Quintet in G, and on that account to exert themselves the more ardently in bringing out every point of consequence. They entirely succeeded; and more than that, completely carrying their hearers with them, the *scherzo* was asked for again so persistently that there was no alternative:—repeated it must be, and repeated it was—much to the satisfaction of the Spohrites among the audience, who were evidently “legion.” This was the second time the quintet had been produced at the Monday Popular Concerts, where it has every chance of winning an enduring popularity.

Still more interesting than the quintet, because of higher genius and imagination, was the absolute novelty of the programme—Dussek's magnificent pianoforte sonata in F minor (Op. 77), entitled *L'Invocation*, inscribed to Mdlle. Betsy Ouvrard, a daughter of the notoriously famous *financier*, of whom so many anecdotes are related, from the period of the Revolution to that of Louis Philippe. Dussek, though one of the most remarkable musicians that ever lived, whether we take into consideration his struggles as a man or his aspirations as an artist, has not yet gained the unqualified recognition which is his just due. Mendelssohn called him a “prodigal”—meaning that to a large extent he had wasted the abundant gifts with which he was endowed by nature. And such, doubtless (Mendelssohn seldom being wrong in his deliberate judgments), was the case—as also, to a less extent, with Weber and other men who might be cited, and whose natural endowments should have led to greater results than were actually attained. Dussek, however, at times succeeded in triumphantly declaring that which was within him. Take only, for example, the Sonata in E flat, Op. 44, dedicated to his illustrious friend and rival, Muzio Clementi; the pathetic *Elegy* on the death of another and still more intimate, if not more illustrious associate, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, whose love of everything musical knew no other balancing passion than his hatred of everything French—a piece that would immortalize any composer; the Sonata in A flat (Op. 71)—known to English amateurs as *Plus Ultra*—written to commemorate his return to Paris, where he became on almost as close terms with the wily Talleyrand as he had been with the unfortunate Louis Ferdinand; and last and best, the *Invocation*, composed shortly before his death, at St. German-en-Laye, near Paris. To reverence the very greatest masters

is wise, but to overlook altogether those who moved just in a lower groove is, with equal truth, a mistake. The director of the Monday Popular Concerts would seem to have borne this in mind, if we may judge from the introduction, at various intervals, in his programmes, of sonatas, &c., by Dussek, Woelfl, Steibelt, Hummel, Schubert, Weber, Pinto, Sterndale Bennett, and even lesser men. What is genuine deserves a hearing, even if it fails to reach the Olympian mark. But among the compositions left us by Dussek (lately collected and published, by the way, in a complete edition, at Leipzig), not one can be said to rank higher than the pianoforte sonata, called *L'Invocation*. Its generally gloomy character would incline us to believe that it had been thought of during the influence of Prince Louis Ferdinand, rather than during that of Prince Talleyrand; but dates are stubborn things, and dates tell us the contrary. Of all the sonatas composed for pianoforte alone—those exquisite models of purity that bear the name of Mozart alone excepted, and not excepting by any means the sonatas of Clementi, Hummel, Weber, and Schubert, or even the single prodigious effort of Mendelssohn's boyhood*—the one which most nearly approaches the Beethoven ideal is the *Invocation* of Dussek. The first *allegro* is grand and impassioned throughout; the minuet (in canon) as ingenious as it is new; the *adagio solenne*, a movement which any organist would delight to play; and the *finale*, a *rondo* full of sparkling and original fancy. The whole, too, is essentially dramatic, and each movement seems to be a necessary pendant to the one that goes before. The *Invocation* is, indeed, in every respect a work of genius. Last night, though not a note could have been familiar to one out of a hundred among the audience, and though it occupies more than half an hour in performance, the sonata was listened to from the first bar to the last with breathless attention. The pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard (her first appearance this season)—upon whom the gratifying task of first introducing the *Plus Ultra* of the same composer had devolved some years ago, and who never conferred more honor upon herself than in undertaking the same responsibility for the still more admirable and still more difficult *Invocation*. Such things must be heard—or why the Monday Popular Concerts?—and if they must be heard, some one competent must be found to play them, and accept all risks of their being appreciated at the outset.

The next piece in the programme was that brilliant and incomparable first trio (in D minor) of Mendelssohn, in which Madame Goddard has so often taken part, and which she has never played with more spirit—more *con amore*. Nor was she ever more efficiently seconded than by Herr Straus and M. Daubert—at the violin and violoncello. The trio, after the sonata, was a bottle of champagne after a deep and pathetic tragedy. The audience, pleased beyond measure, encored both the *andante* and the irresistible *scherzo*—the *scherzo* so unanimously that it was impossible not to comply. The only singer was Mr. Cummings, who, through the unlucky accident to Mr. Sims Reeves's eye, has been brought prominently forward during the last fortnight, and, as substitute for our greatest singer, has on each occasion acquitted himself most creditably. Last night Mr. Cummings sang the charming “Lullaby” from Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* with such true expression that he was called upon to repeat it, and the always welcome “Adelaide” of Beethoven (accompanied by Mr. Benedict), at the end of which he was deservedly recalled. This first-rate concert was worthily brought to a conclusion by a capital performance of one of “Papa” Haydn's most vivacious and genial quartets—No. 3, Op. 33 (in C major)—which sent every one away in good humor.

At the next concert we are promised Mozart's *Divertimenti* in B flat (for strings and horns), Hummel's famous Septet, and—in consequence of its reception at the first performance—Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the “Daily News.”)

The third concert of this season took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. Notwithstanding the state of the weather—heavy rain and thick fog—the hall was well filled, and presented its usual aspect; the attractions of the programme, and especially the name of Arabella Goddard, having been sufficient to counteract the skyey influences.

Spohr's Quintet in G major, one of the very finest works of its class, is an early production of the illustrious master, having been composed at Vienna in 1813. In regard to Spohr's character as a musician, we have pleasure in quoting the judgment of the distinguished critic who supplies the “Analytical Remarks” contained in the books of these concerts.

“As a composer of quartets,” he says, “and indeed of all forms of

* About the second sonata (in B flat), which is obstinately withheld by his trustees, it is of course impossible to offer an opinion.

chamber music for stringed instruments, Spohr eminently excelled. All the composers for the violin put together, since legitimate music was provided for that instrument, would not make one Spohr. His quartets (of which he produced about three times as many as Mozart, and twice as many as Beethoven), his quintets, and other examples of chamber music, form a library of themselves, a library of which the shelves are laden with veritable treasures. As a writer for the orchestra, his acquaintance with the peculiarities of instruments and his art in combining them won for him the unbounded admiration of musicians, and here (as in the turn of his melody and the peculiar glow and richness of his harmony) that strong individuality by which his music is so easily recognised is everywhere conspicuous.

The quintet played on Monday evening may be said to be peculiarly Mozartish. Its fresh and flowing melodies, its clear and simple construction, and the total absence of the ultra-chromatic elaboration in which, it must be admitted, Spohr at a later period somewhat too much indulged, give the same kind and degree of pleasure which is given by the music of Mozart, while Spohr has stamped on every movement the seal of his own genius. Its execution by the accomplished artists named in the programme was (we need scarcely say) finished and exquisite in the highest degree.

Dussek's sonata in F minor (known as *L'Invocation*) was performed for the first time at these concerts. When Madame Arabella Goddard presented herself she was greeted with a storm of applause and welcome. She acknowledged her reception with her usual quiet simplicity of manner, and speedily displayed the qualities which have raised her to the highest rank as an artist. She played with that grandeur of style, that depth of expression, and that perfect execution that gives clearness to the most rapid and complicated passages, which are her characteristic features; and she deserves as much praise for her taste and judgment in selecting this chef d'œuvre as for her magnificent performance. This sonata was written more than half a century ago; and yet, had it been brought forward as a work of Beethoven in the plenitude of his powers, it might have been heard with satisfaction by the most discerning critic. It is too much forgotten at this time that there were giants in the land in the days when Dussek wrote, and that he himself was one of them. For the revival of his works, and those of other worthies of the olden time, we are already much indebted to Madame Arabella Goddard, and we heartily hope that she will continue to pursue the same course.

The other pieces—Mendelssohn's beautiful pianoforte trio, Haydn's bright and genial quartet, and the two songs admirably sung by Mr. Cummings—made up one of the best Monday Popular Concerts ever given.

MANCHESTER.

(From an Edgeley Correspondent.)

The repetition of Gounod's "Mass of St. Cecilia" accompanied with the first performance of Spohr's oratorio, *The Last Judgment*, at Mr. C. Hallé's fourteenth concert in the Free Trade Hall, was a temptation few sterling musicians could resist. This accounts for so large an audience being present on this bitter cold evening. In order to get a good seat, I was compelled to stand at the doors from five o'clock, while "John Frost" pinched our toes with great severity. At fifteen minutes past six we were admitted in the great hall, where we sat until half-past seven, when the performance commenced and destroyed the buzzing monotony of whispering talkers. If this does not show a real love for good music, what does? A second hearing of Gounod's mass confirms the admiration I hastily expressed to you at the time of its first performance at these concerts. The telling and simple structure of the voice-parts, with their melodious phrases, grand harmonies, and imposing unisons adorned with beautiful melodies—more especially that for *terzetto* for principal voices, soprano, tenor, and bass—solos, and concerted pieces breathing the purest devotion, were all combined together with a concordance of instrumentation that is really enrapturing. M. Gounod's orchestration is a compound of beautiful tones; each instrument adds its own peculiar color to the tene picture; the combinations are varied like the hues of the rainbow; a master-hand is exhibited so dexterous and ingenious that it triumphs over apathy and enkindles new pleasures, filling the soul with rapture. We are held spell-bound by the magical influence of music; we must give expression to the feelings that rise in our hearts and swell in our bosoms until the pleasing sensation bursts and pours out again in loud bravos!

The Last Judgment is a subject of intense solemnity; every Christian regards it with the most profound feeling, for it fills the soul with deadly terror, every emotion within us is paralysed at the thought of

that great and awful day—when time shall cease to flow, when the earth and the sea must give up their dead, and when all men will stand before the judgment-seat of the eternal God. Louis Spohr, in choosing this awe-inspiring subject for musical illustration, taxed his ingenuity to the very utmost. However, his genius shines in refining and embellishing music by beautiful and elaborate instrumentation, well-connected phrases, masterly contrivance, excellent part-writing, devout and dramatic expression. His ideas are noble, grand, and well developed; his effects are most striking, descriptive, picturesque, and original. Spohr does not reach the sublimity of Handel's or Mendelssohn's inspired works, although it must be admitted by all impartial critics that he stands on an exalted position by the side of those great masters; no other composer of modern times has equalled Spohr's ability as an oratorio writer. *The Last Judgment* is a masterpiece of dramatic expression; it illustrates a theme upon which there will always be a great diversity of opinion. This grave subject inspired the composer with a sublime feeling, for a true spirit pervades the whole work, which is sufficient to place it amongst the highest creations of art. Spohr's oratorio is too valuable a wreath of music, pearls and diamonds to lie dormant on the library-shelves; it will always win the esteem and admiration of true musicians. The choruses were admirably sung by the choir; the intricate progressions were correctly rendered; the extreme difficulties of the instrumental part of the oratorio appeared like children's play to Mr. C. Hallé's magnificent band, which he so ably directs. This concert was indeed an intellectual feast. The principal singers were Miss Banks (a favorite in these districts), Mrs. Brooke, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Merrick of Bristol Cathedral.

T. B. B.

Edgeley, Jan. 27, 1865.

EXETER HALL.—The National Choral Society will give a performance of *Judas Maccabeus*, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday the 8th. The principal artistes will be Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss. Band and chorus 700 performers.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mr. Summers's new cantata, *David in the Wilderness*, was performed here on Wednesday evening, January 25th, by the Town Choral Association. The work was well received by the audience, several movements being encored.

TRURO INSTITUTION.—MR. KENNEDY'S "SONGS OF SCOTLAND."—The Spring session of the Truro Institution was opened on Tuesday evening last. The committee had engaged the services of Mr. Kennedy, whose illustrations of the national minstrelsy of Scotland have been regarded as in no respect inferior to those of John Wilson. Mr. Kennedy possesses a tenor voice of purity, sweetness, and a fine appreciation of the poetry and music of his native land, and the taste and ability to impart to both appropriate expression. Whether the composition be of a pathetic character, such as the ballads of "Auld Robin Gray," or "Wae's me for Prince Charlie;" humorous, as "Get up and bar the door," "Johnnie Cope," or "Allister M'Allister;" or heroic and chivalric as "Scots wha hae," he is equally effective. His delineations of Scottish character and manners are forcible and truthful, and especially remarkable for that sly humour only to be found in perfection in the far north. The entertainment delighted a very crowded audience. We may state, that the songs were accompanied in a masterly manner by Mr. Land, who was for a long period associated with Mr. John Wilson. Between the first and second parts of the entertainment, Mr. Land played his new solo for the pianoforte, entitled "Recollections of Burns," in which he introduced several Scottish airs.—*Abridged from the West Britain, January 27th.*

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is the pianist at to-day's Crystal Palace concert. The first piece set down for her is Professor Bennett's Concerto in F minor (No. 4), which she has so often played in public, and always *con amore*. The second is Mr. Lindsay Sloper's *fantasia* on *Mireille*. The concerto was rehearsed with the orchestral accompaniment on Thursday.

LEICESTER.—The fourth of the Messrs. Nicholson's concerts took place on Monday evening. On this occasion the great English songstress, Miss Louisa Pyne, was the principal attraction, ably assisted, however, by her sister Miss Susan Pyne, Miss A. M. Clowes, and Messrs. Deacon (pianoforte). Mr. D. F. Davis (harp), Master Gibson (violin), and Mr. H. Nicholson (bute). The new Philharmonic Society also contributed several part-songs, &c. The concert (which was given in aid of the funds of the Leicester Infirmary) was attended by a crowded audience, including the *élite* of the town and country.

LIVERPOOL.—A concert was given at St. George's Hall, on Saturday evening, Madame Fiorentini, Madlle. Liebhart, Signor Ambonetti and Mr. Weiss being the vocalists, and Signor Bottesini and Mr. Levy the instrumentalists. The local journals speak in terms of high praise of Madlle. Liebhart. The *Daily Post* says:—

Madlle. Leibhart's success was such as she certainly had every reason to feel satisfied with. She is gifted with a fine, clear, easy-flowing soprano, which enables her to master even difficult passages with ease; and she throws a spirit and animation into her singing that considerably enhances the effect of her vocal powers. She received the honour of a general encore in the first piece she sang, "Perchè non vieni ancora," and responded by giving a pretty Scotch ballad, which drew forth the warmest applause. In the German song, "Morgenfesterlin," composed expressly for her, her voice appeared to great advantage, with its clear, bird-like warbling; and a loud encore followed the conclusion. A similar compliment was paid to her rendering of the "Bird of the Forest," which was distinguished by remarkable grace and sweetness. The performances of Signor Bottesini on the double-bass created a furor, and Mr. Levy was encored in two pieces on the cornet-a-pistons.

The following account of Mr. Nightingale's new Comedietta is abridged from the same paper:—

Mr. Nightingale's new comedietta, *May and December*, has had a great success. It is a close adaption of a little Parisian piece called *Sylvie*. The story only affords scope for the simplest beauties whether of diction, allusion, dramatic action, or pathos. But, availing himself of all the opportunities afforded him in the sympathetic spirit Mr. Nightingale has produced a very entertaining and tasteful little interlude. If it does not take possession of the stage with a very strong grasp it is likely to keep possession of it with a graceful one; for *May and December* is an admirable addition to those pieces which elegant pens have produced for elegant favourites—pieces composed almost wholly with reference to lightness, gaiety, and female fascination, and therefore always valued by actresses who are favourites with audiences, and always enjoyed by the audiences whose favourites the actresses are. The three artists engaged played admirably; and Miss C. Nelson's singing of an introduced ballad was greatly applauded.

It is probable that *May and December* will shortly be produced on the boards of a London theatre.

REJOICE.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert-lecture was given by Mrs. John Macfarren at the Mechanics' Institution on Thursday, the 26th ult. The fair lecturer introduced a history in little of music from the earliest days, and gave many interesting anecdotes of the great composers, including Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, &c. The lecture—which also comprised a variety of matters—concluded with some observations on the development of new characteristics in the pianoforte. The illustrations on the pianoforte were the "Moto Continuo" movement from Weber's Sonata in C. Op. 24; Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith; selections from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words;" the "Caprice de Concert;" the composition of the fair lecturer herself; *Adagio* and *Rondo* from Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; *Nocturne* and *Caprice-étude*, by Brissac; and Thalberg's fantasia on *Elixir d'Amore*—in all of which Mrs. Macfarren achieved an eminent success. Miss Robertine Henderson was the vocalist, and sang Haydn's "Mermaid" canzonet; Mozart's song, "The Violet;" song, "I've watched him," from the opera of *Helvellyn*; and the Scotch ballad, "Comin' thro' the rye." Miss Henderson's beautiful soprano voice and charming style made a deep impression, the air from *Helvellyn* and the Scottish ballad being enthusiastically encored, the latter, indeed, twice—a compliment seldom paid to any singer on or off the stage. The room of the Institution was crowded.

MR. SANTLEY AT BARCELONA.—We must—writes the Barcelona correspondent of the *Presse Théâtrale et Musicale* of Paris, alluding to the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—make a special mention in favor of the barytona Santley. Since his debut in the *Trovatore*, Mr. Santley has marched onward from success to success. His is a talent of the very highest order, and his voice is so happily *timbrée* that one cannot hear it with indifference. Mr. Santley manages it with an art which one cannot sufficiently admire. Without exaggeration, without *fecilles*, by force of expression alone, by the legitimate employment of all the resources of the vocal art, he produces his effects and raises the enthusiasm of his hearers. Mr. Santley was recalled and applauded vociferously after his air (the air of Enrico in the first act,) after the duet with Lucia, in fine after the principal scenes of the opera, all of which compliments were eminently merited.

TURIN.—Mercadante's *Il Guiramento* has been given at the Teatro Regio, with success. Madame Vera Lorini was the soprano. All the local papers are loud in their praise of her, both as singer and actress. The other artists were Madlle. Barbara Marchisio, Signor Graziani and Pandolfini.

CLIFTON.—An agreeable evening concert was given recently by Mr. P. J. Smith, at the Victoria Rooms. The weather was far from propitious, but there was a large attendance. The vocalists were Madlles. Titiens, Dorsani, and Enequist, Signor Bossi, and M. Joulain. Signor Piatti, (violincello) was the instrumentalist, and Signor Bevignani conductor.

An evening concert took place at the Victoria Rooms, on Friday. Miss Jennie Harrison, daughter of the well-known music-seller, made her debut. Hummel's quintet was performed in a brilliant style. Miss Harrison played the piano part, which is exceedingly difficult, in a manner which delighted her audience. Miss Harrison also played Kuhe's solo on *Martha*, which drew forth an encore; she then played the Stamboul galop, by Essain, a difficult piece, without a book, which was a success of another theme. In a quartet of Reissiger the young pianist was again heard to the best advantage. The excellent quality of the pianoforte was generally noticed. It was one of Messrs. Kirkman's finest Grands. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was the principal vocalist, and created a great effect by the purity of her voice, and the brilliancy of her style. In addition to Miss Harrison, M. Pollitzer (first violin), Mr. Chapman (second violin), Herr Pfeiffer (viola), Mr. Morris (flute), Mr. A. W. Waite (violincello), and Mr. L. Waite (double bass), performed a variety of high-class music.

BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of this institution was held on Wednesday week, at the office of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall; J. N. Harrison, Esq., president, in the chair. The report was read by the hon. secretary, Mr. J. F. Puttick, and the statement of accounts by the treasurer, Mr. Daniel Hill. From the report it appears that the expenditure in relief has increased from 271. 8s., in the year 1856, to 1461. 4s. in the past year; and for the last four years the relief account amounts to 5871. 15s. The report further stated that of the relief distributed by the fund about one half is among the professional associates of the society, from whom, however, not more than a tenth part of the income is derived. The treasurer's abstract of accounts shows a balance against that officer of 24l. The invested fund is 2300l. New Three per Cents. The usual complimentary votes were passed and addresses delivered by various gentlemen present, urging the claims of the fund upon the professional and amateur members of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HUTCHINS & ROMER.—"Swallow, come again," by CLARIBEL. "Gathering heart's ease," by BESSE PALMER. ADDISON & LUCAS (London), and R. POTTS & CO. (Brighton).—"The Garden-seat" and "Why didst thou leave me, sweet," by MEMZIE; and "Lost in the lonely Pyrenees" by LADY BARRETT LEANNERD.

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